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King
of the
Night.

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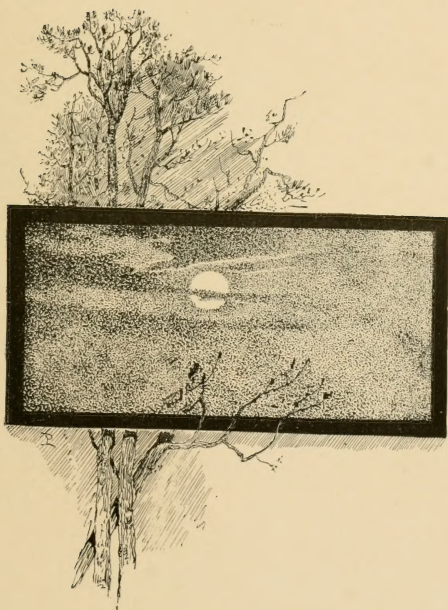
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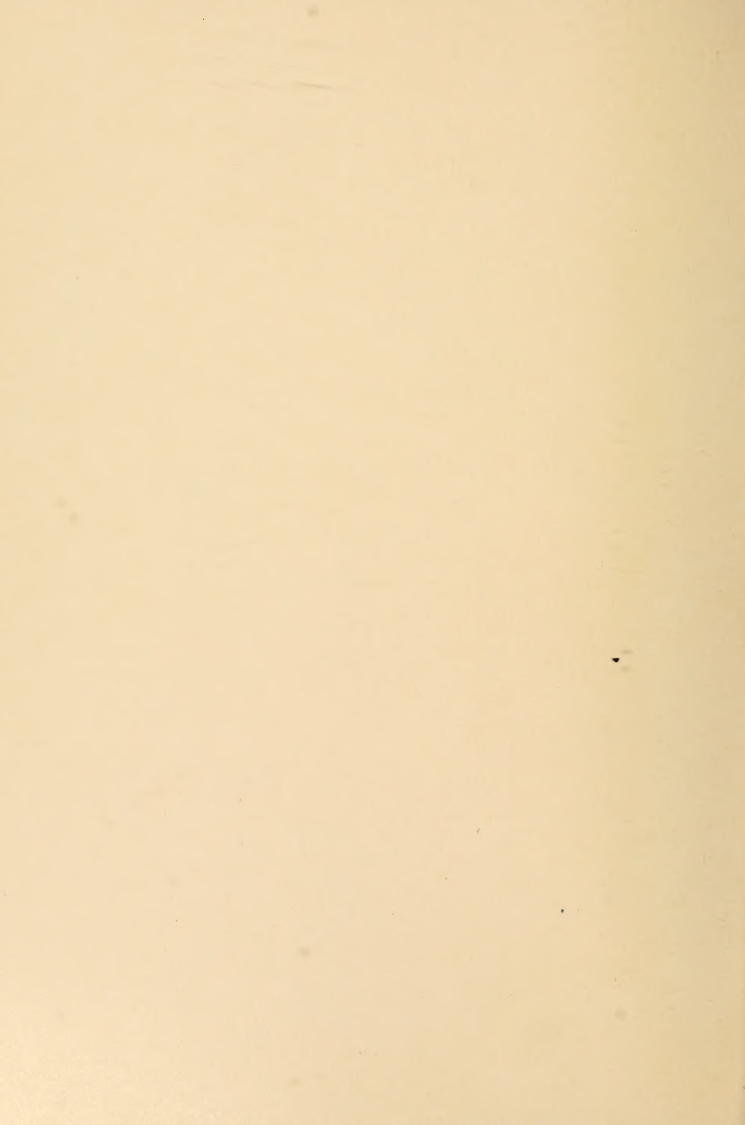
1888

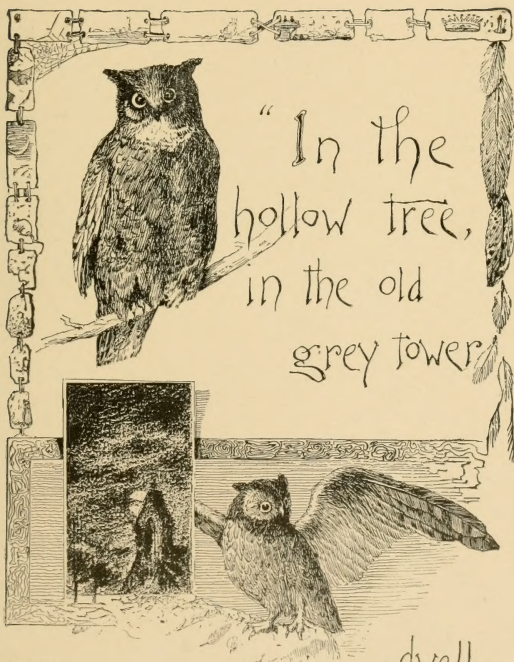
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"In the
hollow tree,
in the old
grey tower



The spectral Owl doth dwell
✻



Dull, hated, despised in
the sunshine hour,
But at dusk he's abroad
and well!

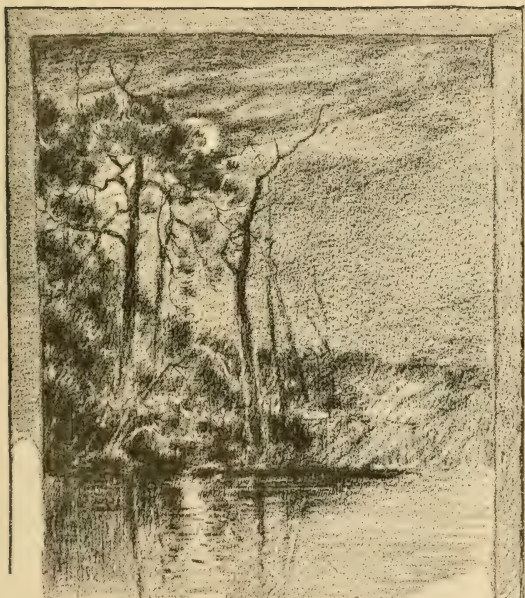


Not a bird of
the forest e'er mates with him



All mock

him outright by day;



But at night, when the woods
grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away

Oh! when the moon shines
and the dogs do
howl.



Then, then is the reign
of the Horned Owl.

And the Owl hath a bride who
is fond and bold,



And loveth the woods'
deep gloom;

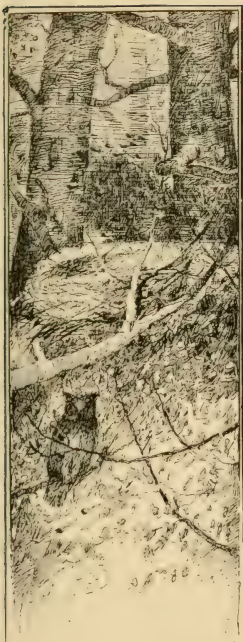
And with eyes like the shine of
the moon-stone cold,



She
waiteth
her ghastly groom:



Not a feather
she moves, not a
carol she sings,
As she waits in her
tree so still,
But when her heart
heareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her
welcome shrill!







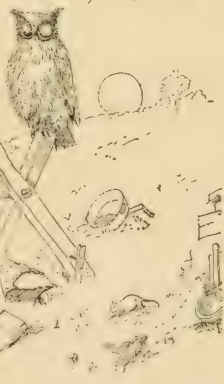
Horned Owl.



Mourn not for the Owl,
nor his gloomy
plight;

The Owl has his share of good

If a prisoner he be in
the broad daylight



He is lord in the dark
greenwood!

Nor lonely the bird nor his
ghastly mate;

They are each unto each a pride;

Thrice fonder, perhaps, ☆ ☆ ☆



since a strange

dark fate

Hath rent them

from all

^

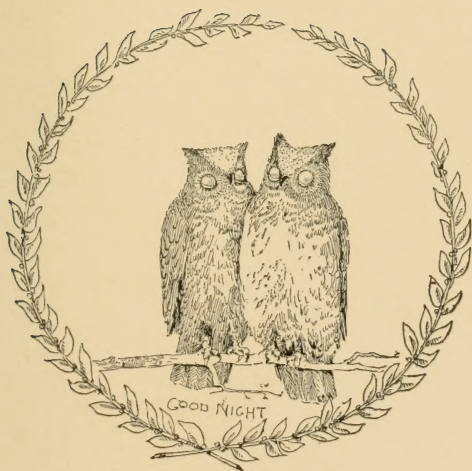
beside!

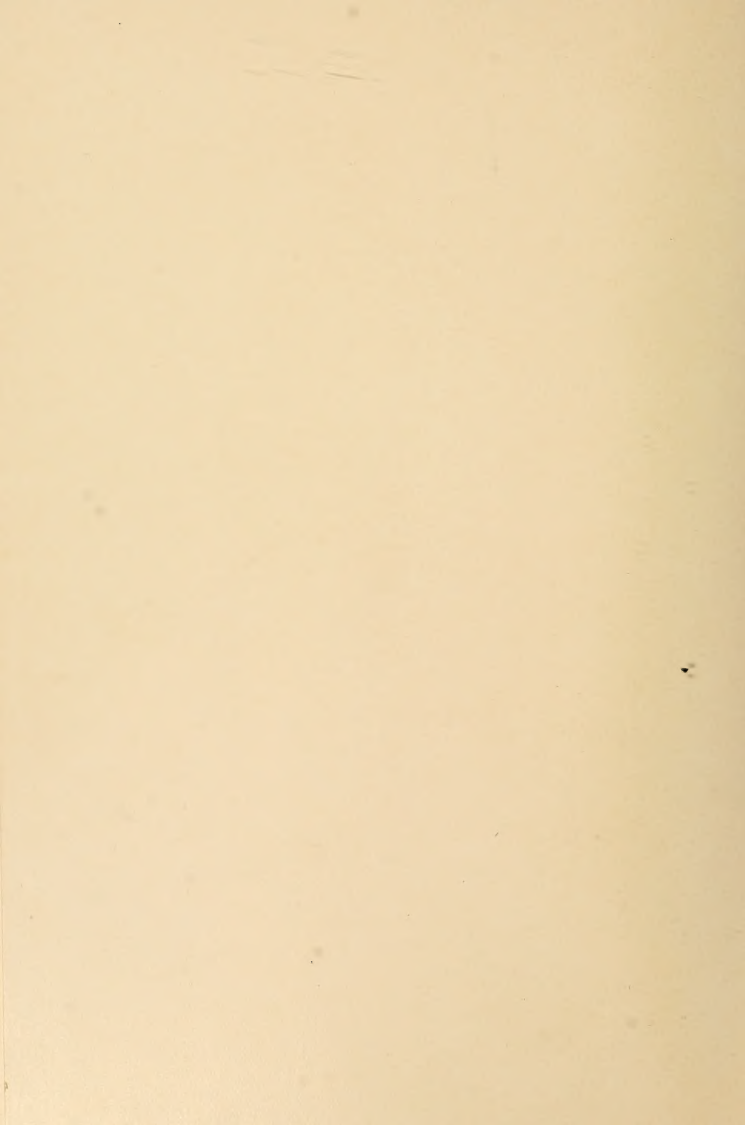
So when the night falls and dogs do
howl,
Sing Ho! for the reign of the Horned
Owl!

We know not alway
Who are kings of day,

But the king of the night is the
bold brown Owl!..







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